

JOHN BULL

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3^D
EVERY
WEDNESDAY

WHAT
WE
WANT
by The EDITOR

BLACK
MARKETS
GO
NORTH

FINISH
IT
THIS
YEAR
by A.E.G.



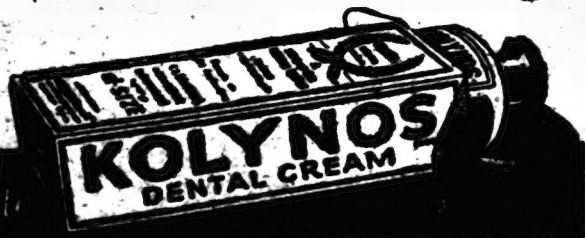
by
KOLYNOS!
of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war, for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

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IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED

FOR MUNITIONS.
RETURN THEM TO
YOUR CHEMIST.



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Bournville
Cocoa?

Always keep your cocoa in a tin

'Holidays at Home'

—so a'sailing we will go!



Given robust health, children can play all day long and suffer neither fatigue nor strain. And for the energy which sustains health give them plenty of delicious Weetabix!

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE
2 POINTS 7½
LARGE SIZE
4 POINTS 1½

Zoned, but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area.
WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS



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Even in wartime you can give your guests a delicious treat. Here are two unusual sandwiches, flavoured with piquant Lemco, the original concentrated beef extract

WORCESTERSHIRE PASTE SANDWICHES

1 part Lemco
1 part Worcestershire
Small cross or cucumber

Using knife blend the Lemco and sauce together well. Spread on one slice of lightly buttered bread. Sprinkle with prepared and dried cross or with thin slice of unpeeled cucumber and complete the sandwich.

MUSTARD PASTE SANDWICHES

2 parts Lemco
1 part freshly made
Lettuce or cucumber

The mustard should not be mixed too stiffly or the flavour will be too strong. Blend Lemco and mustard with a knife. Spread on lightly buttered bread. Cover with shredded lettuce or thin slices cucumber and complete the sandwich.

LEMCO

— THE ORIGINAL —

Concentrated Beef Extract

PREPARED BY OXO LTD., LONDON



LONG DRINKS ARE SHORT

Summer puts a heavy burden on the already strained resources of the Soft Drinks Industry. The demand increases, but the supply of essential raw materials remains strictly limited. So you must not be too disappointed if you cannot buy the flavours you prefer or the quantities you require.



The Soft Drinks Industry
(War Time) Association Ltd.

FOOD FACTS

Do you buy more bread than you eat?

HOW TO KEEP THE LOAF FRESH LONGER AND AVOID WASTE

KEEPING bread fresh is a problem in many households. Nowadays it's not always easy to buy it just as you need it. On the other hand, it's by no means easy to calculate just how much bread a family is going to eat!

The right way to keep bread, to prevent it going stale, is to wrap it in a clean dry cloth—never a damp one!—and place it on an airy shelf.

If you use a crock or bin, see that it is sweet and dry, and that the lid is slightly tilted. Remember, bread goes mouldy. Wipe the bin free of crumbs every day, and wash and dry it thoroughly once a week. Be careful not to put new bread away until it is quite cold.

If you follow this plan, and try as far as you possibly can not to buy more bread than you actually need, you shouldn't be troubled with stale bread. If, however, you do occasionally have bread that is too stale to eat, make breadcrumbs of it or use it for a pudding. One suggestion is given here.

It is still as important as ever to be careful about bread. Wheat uses far more shipping space than any other food. Remember that as

little as half a slice of bread wasted every day by each person amounts to 367 million two-pound loaves in a year!

HOW TO KEEP MILK FRESH

The following method of keeping milk may be a little extra trouble, but it's well repaid by results. Place the milk bottle in a bowl of cold water, and put a piece of wet butter-muslin or similar material over the bottle with both ends coming well into the water. The cloth acts as a "wick," absorbing the water, and the water evaporating from the cloth creates a cool temperature round the milk. Add water to the bowl as necessary and make sure the cloth is always damp. Keep milk in the coolest part of the larder or kitchen. The floor is usually cooler than a shelf.

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE CHARLOTTE

1 lb. apples; slices of stale bread; 1 lb. blackberries; 4 ozs. sugar.

Grease a medium-sized cake tin and cut one or two rounds of stale bread to fit the bottom. Cut fingers of bread to stand up round the sides. Press firmly together to form a secure wall. Arrange the apples, peeled and sliced thinly, the blackberries and sugar, in layers in the centre of the lined tin. Cover with one or two rounds of stale bread, place a plate on top and add weights to keep the pudding down. Bake in a moderately hot oven, about 30-45 minutes. Turn out carefully and serve hot or cold.

100 POINTS CHANGES FOR RATION PERIOD No. 3 (SEPTEMBER 17 TO OCTOBER 14). ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 228



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Lasting
Loveliness*

Here is glamorous beauty for those precious moments when you want to look entrancingly lovely—the exclusive "mousse of cream" ingredient in Poudre Tokalon imparts radiant loveliness that lingers intriguingly!

Stays on all day.
Full range of
glamorous shades.



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Tokalon

Choose and use **O.K.**
—the sauce that does you good—
it still has 44% fruit



If you are in a zone where O.K. Sauce is difficult to get, remember it is one of the good things you will have again after the war.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR
CORK TIPS

The familiar Lifebuoy and Sheller trade mark is considered by smokers everywhere as the symbol of all that is finest in Cigarette manufacture.



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OR
MILD

JOHN BULL
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ending Saturday,
September 30, 1944
93, Long Acre,
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2468



Straight from the Shoulder

WE are taking the smoothest road to Berlin and racing the weather. That is the significance of the military operations on the Western Front.

Turning the Line

The Siegfried Line has been turned, the Rhine crossed, the heart of Germany laid open to swift assault.

General Bradley will not need to storm the Moselle valley and the difficult country of the Black Forest. Now secure from counter-attack in the north, he can mount his offensive in the Cologne area while Field-Marshal Montgomery makes the German defences as useless as the Maginot Line.

Aerial Army

So, as you will have realised, the airborne landing led by General Browning has changed the war map.

His success would have enabled Montgomery to drive down the Ruhr valley and seize the rich prizes offered by Essen, Dortmund and Dusseldorf. But beyond these great industrial towns lie the tedious heights of the Harz mountains, grim obstacles to tanks.

Montgomery, therefore, has relied once more on his famous left hook.

Broad Highways

Instead of striking for Essen, he drove northwards. Now he may turn eastwards to skirt the mountains. And he will find broad, fine-surfaced roads that lead straight to the Reich capital.

Hence the renewed confidence of Whitehall, a fickle weathervane, that the war in the West will end this year.

Empty Faith

There will be bitter fighting. But, though most of us are tired of assurances that the German army has put its best goods in the shop window, it is a fact that there are few reserves behind the enemy's front line.

This situation is hardly likely to be changed by the mystical affirmations of gauleiters. "The fact that Hitler is still alive," says one, "is one of the miracles of our times. The fact that the Lord is granting him time to conclude his task gives us firm conviction in victory."

But Hitler will not have time to conjure fresh armies from his blood-drained country.

Their Morale

Reports on the state of the German people's morale differ considerably; on the whole, however, it is clear that most of the non-Nazis are apathetic and are certainly not disposed to obey their leaders' injunctions to scorch their earth!

None the less, the Allies will not receive much co-operation in the administration of Reich territory, and that will not necessarily be a disadvantage. Italy

HIGH ROAD TO BERLIN

has shown that men who are ostentatiously anxious to welcome our Forces of Occupation are not always genuine democrats.

Trouble in Paris

And, judging by certain preparations which cannot yet be stated in print, the supervision of Germany will be thorough. That it will not be easy is plain enough; even in Paris, 25,000 Fifth Columnists are still at large.

In the task of rounding them up it should be possible to make use still of the French Forces of the Interior, whose assistance to the Allies deserves even warmer praise than has been expressed.

Great General

Similarly, it would be ungenerous to deny the magnificent resistance of General Kesselring. He has been as much a nuisance to us as the F.F.I. has been helpful, and against a lesser opponent than Sir Harold Alexander he might well have been victorious.

Kesselring, not Rommel, has been the greatest German general of this war. Ask the Eighth Army!

Closed Trap

Even he, however, would find it hard to save the German armies in the Balkans from disaster. Various estimates at seventeen or twenty divisions, they are trying hard to reach Hungary from Yugoslavia and Greece.

They have little hope of doing so. The trap formed by the Russians moving westwards and Tito's British-backed Serbs marching eastwards is rapidly closing. Another German army group can be discounted.

Now Ready

The Russian advance on the Baltic front promises a success of much the same magnitude. General Bagramyan is rapidly earning the marshal's baton which no doubt will be conferred on him in the near future.

More decisive, however, will be the thrust now developing on the Warsaw sector. As in the case of Montgomery's offensive, it is aimed at the easy tank country leading to Berlin.

Cross-Fire

In the Far East, again, two main movements are apparent. Two names, already famous, will probably become household words next year.

MacArthur is driving northwards to the Philippines. Nimitz, the American admiral who has won the high regard of the British Navy, is cutting the Japanese lines from east to west.

The Leaders

For all the talk of a successor to Lord Louis Mountbatten, it is likely that MacArthur and Nimitz will be responsible for the final assault on Japan.

A third American, General Stilwell, will be their chief lieutenant.

The British share, though perhaps less spectacular, will be important. Actually, however, the Americans already have sufficient strength in the Pacific to ensure the defeat of our common enemy. The frenzied demand of some American senators that "Britain should play its full part" suggests that they neither know the facts nor appreciate our own desire to restrain aggressors everywhere.

Slipping Through?

Some war criminals may already be reaching safety. It is reported that Nazi officials are flying to Spain, there equipping themselves with Spanish names and passports, and proceeding to the Nazi-imitation State of South America, Argentina.

This method might enable the Spanish authorities to justify their pledge that Nazi criminals would not be allowed to find sanctuary in Spain, but certainly it makes nonsense of Berlin's sudden discovery that Franco has become an ally of the wicked and wily British.

World Conqueror!

It also raises the whole question of our attitude to Spain after the war. The Franco régime is committed to Dictatorship; its Falangist backbone is not only anti-Democratic but aspires to the revival of the Spanish Empire, particularly in South America.

Saved by Coal

Nor is Portugal enthusing at the progress of "the Bolsheviks" and their Western allies.

The fact that British coal may well have saved Lisbon from disaster is not likely to persuade the Portuguese Dictator, Dr. Salazar, to terminate his warm friendship with the Axis countries and release from his jails people who happen to share the British tenets of freedom.

Extreme nationalism, it seems, will be perpetuated in the post-war world.

Vanishing Markets

Will it be fostered by a scramble for world markets? That danger has been emphasised in these columns frequently enough, and you won't wish us to enlarge upon the need for trade co-operation throughout the world.

If we are to buy as much food and raw materials from abroad as we did before the war, we shall have to increase our exports by some 50 per cent. on the pre-war level. And our exports during the war have declined by nearly 75 per cent.

Our Government should be giving an enlightened lead to the world.

Sir William Objects

Lack of this lead, however, is no excuse for the failure of big industries to produce post-war plans. And this also applies to most of the trade unions.

On the other hand, the official policy on employment has come under heavy fire from Sir William Beveridge.



Though aged forty-seven, General Browning dropped with his paratroops to change the whole strategic map of the Western Front

He objects that it is mainly concerned with "giving confidence to businessmen by monetary stability and budgetary equilibrium," rather than assuring the workers that their services will be in steady demand.

Keep it Steady

Presumably Sir William feels that, more important than machinery to iron out the booms and slumps of trade, is the need to maintain steady employment by constant expansion of the demand for goods.

It is an effective point; work for all can best be created by providing comfort for all. Thus the problem of employment is really a problem of raising the standard of living.

Patchy

Another Government responsibility, that of Town and Country Planning, seems certain to create a good deal of liveliness in the new Parliamentary session.

Labour, Liberal and "young" Conservatives are all dissatisfied with the Bill that allows local councils to requisition only "blitzed" sites. Labour amendments propose that land should be acquired by compulsory means wherever it is necessary for general improvement schemes in our towns.

Tommy's Pay

But there are few critics of the demobilisation plan announced last week. Here the Government has shown a nice blend of foresight, fairness and wisdom.

Some modifications, of course, may have to be made in special cases. Not only builders and teachers, but some technicians may justify early release. And no doubt appeals on compassionate grounds will receive the consideration they deserve.

Again, the new increases in Service pay have brought bouquets to Ministers' hands instead of bricks upon their

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Straight from the Shoulder—continued from preceding page

A cigarette—the only touch of home in a steaming jungle

heads. They are so considerable we may forget that they are belated; certainly they will remove much of the disparity between British and Allied pay rates.

Old English Custom

As the British and the Americans have gone neck-and-neck into the Reich there's been every danger that friendly rivalry might develop into bitter animosity.

It never has. The War Office has stuck to the good old English custom of self-effacement. And that might have been risky if the Americans had lived up to their popular reputation for bally-hoo and boost.

A Lady Friend—

But we've been finding more and more that the Americans are not so noisy as they're recorded.

At the week-end we were naughty enough to listen-in to a public-house conversation between a Yank private and his English lady friend. . . .

—Doesn't Listen

Her remark, "We were doing that before America existed," was silly. His reply was patient, historical and enthusiastic as he argued that he'd got a claim in British ancestry.

The lady's attention was on her empty glass. A first-class ambassador was wasting his time.

Tennessee and Tooting

Many a humble doughboy has worked wonders for Anglo-American friendship with a kindly act. Incidents in the flying-bomb terror showed that hearts are much the same in Tennessee as in Tooting. Which observation, though not very original, is designed to tempt readers into some original composition.

Come Along

We would like to rescue from oblivion some of the tales of American sympathy, unselfishness and heroism. Have you got a first-hand story? Let's have it in a letter marked "America." There are two guineas each for the three best letters received before the next JOHN BULL comes out.

One important condition. Tell your story in not more than 150 words.

Cut it Out

Incidentally, it's fun and well worth doing to try some time to see how short

you can make a letter. Most effusions can be cut by half without losing a single point.

Readers' letters are the foundation of this page, and the pithier they are the easier it is to get them into print.

Two Courts—

Not long ago six Derbyshire railway-men were sent to jail for six months for theft. They'd stolen a lot of cigarettes meant for the troops overseas. A report of the case appeared in the 14th Army's newspaper SEAC, and Sergeant H. Jacques, of the Royal Artillery, has written to tell us what his comrades thought.

—Two Thoughts

Just at the time their allowance was 25 Indian-made Woodbines a week, and it was impossible to buy any more.

The men held their own "court" to try the rail thieves. Sentences were pronounced in language rather too forthright for print. What a pity culprits haven't the imagination to realise the hardship they cause to the troops. For them a cigarette is often the only touch of "home" in a foreign wilderness.

Other Side

Mr. D. J. Evans, of Tredegar, Monmouthshire, does us wrong. He thinks that whenever landlords are concerned we take a one-sided view. He thinks we are always against landlords. Mr. Evans is a house agent.

More Respect

He says, quite rightly, that landlords are not always to blame for extortionate rents. More often it's the profiteers who sub-let. True; we'll try to be careful to speak of landlords in the proper legal sense in future.

Once Upon a Time—

● Thousands of men and women in the Forces in this country and overseas know her. So, too, do the same number of civilians—workers, housewives—and children. Just thirty years ago, Miss M. M. Hummerston was appointed Official Story Teller and Children's Librarian for Leeds Public Libraries.

She has read more fairy tales and juvenile stories than probably anyone else in England, and to-day—after thirty years—she is just as enthusiastic in guiding Youth into new worlds of romance, imagination and adventure.

The regular weekly half-hours after school of story-telling for delighted Leeds children were often supplemented by still more story-telling in a tent in her garden during summer evenings.

Then came the blackout, and story-telling in the libraries had to stop. But the children—many of whom have grown up during the war—have not forgotten!

Whenever Miss Hummerston is shopping, or rides in a tram, someone will quite likely come up and say: "Don't you remember me?"

It will be one of the children who had listened to her entranced, perhaps five, ten or more years before. And, although she cannot remember every face, they don't forget hers.

All the younger children who have heard about those happy half-hours from their elders are longing for the time when stories will be told again after school.

The influence of this plump, smiling, charming, middle-aged woman on young-

First in the Field**THE "FURIOUS DRIVER"**

KIRKPATRICK
MILLAN,

blacksmith in the village of Keir, Dumfriesshire, is gazing at a dusty contraption leaning against the wall of his forge. It is 1839, and a long-standing idea is now complete.

He goes to work with bellows and hammer on the contraption—a thing of two wheels connected by a crossbar called a velocipede. The illustrator Cruikshank and humorous writers poured ridicule on the people who sat astride it and "walked" themselves along the



roads. It had been invented by a M. Niepce in Paris in 1806.

The blacksmith adds two pedals which work cranks to a back wheel, and a pair of bars for the hands.

When he has finished it, he gets into the saddle, begins working the pedals and bowls along a road, with people staring in wonder.

A representative of the Law sees him. A prosecution follows and he is fined for "furious driving."

The village blacksmith has built the first practical bicycle! P. S.

Round and Round

From Hounslow comes a perfect example of the vicious circle. A family was made homeless by a flying bomb. They went to the local authority and were sent to a house which had been evacuated because of flying bomb damage. No repairs had been done. The family was advised "to get in first" and then go to the War Damage Department.

Reet Up T'Mark

Before evacuees came into the news again another little story reached us from Lancashire. A story of the parents from Essex, who went to see how their daughter was getting on. They stayed five days, expected (and got) full service, and meals, asked at the end of their stay how much they owed, and handed over a £1 to their inexperienced "landlady."

sters is tremendous. Yet she couldn't tell me how she manages to get inside the child mind and know exactly what they want! But to-day she has over 23,000 more young readers to look after than two years ago.

Recently, too, quite a number of young evacuees from London and the South of England were added to her department as readers.

This pleasant-voiced Yorkshirewoman has always seen a very wide horizon to her work—that of quietly guiding Youth towards higher citizenship and keener interest in other peoples and other lands.

She encourages questions and a thirst for how others live.

This year more than 31,000 illustrations (of which she is also in charge) have gone out to Yorkshire schools on loan to add interest to talks, China and Russia being favourite subjects.

But now the A.T.S. have asked to be supplied, too, and they want pictures of new houses and furniture. "Home-makers of the future" is how Miss Hummerston thinks of them as she decides on what to send.

Welfare workers in factories are also new borrowers. So, too, are men taking a rehabilitation course in a hospital: they come from all over the country.

One model in her department Miss Hummerston thinks of with rather special affection. It is a very real-looking imitation banana!

It is loaned to classes of small children who are too young to know this pre-war fruit, but who are now looking forward to tasting it when peace comes.

ENA FITZGERALD MACMILLAN.

Hint to a Hostess

Their hostess asks what she ought to have done. It depends on whether it was a pound note. It would have been very illegal to have thrown twenty shillings in silver at a couple of interlopers. But very satisfactory.

No Dealers, Please

It's good to see it's been established that the men and women in Civil Defence who've watched and worked for five years can get the uniform they've worn so honourably. We didn't want a repetition of the last war, when equipment was sold to contractors who bought it for next to nothing and sold it at a large profit.

Short of Room

It will be interesting to note how the Education Act affects Stockport—a town of 125,000 people. A parent reports that last March, 1,500 ten- and eleven-year-old children were examined for Secondary School places and only about 120 could be accepted.

Milk Round

A few weeks ago the inhabitants of two small Devon villages, Coombe-in-Teignhead and Stoke-in-Teignhead, had their milk delivered in time for breakfast by their village farmer, Mr. Bird. Then Mr. Bird sold his business. The milk was taken twelve miles to Totnes to be pasteurised and brought twelve miles back for delivery. The villagers did not like that.

On the Doorstep

They appealed to another local farmer to deliver their milk. And he said, "Yes." The Newton Abbot Food Control Committee said, "No." And they would not grant a licence.

All these wartime milk rules have a purpose which is easy to understand in towns, but they must be galling indeed in the country. It all sounds so much like taking the milk from the doorstep to put it back again a few hours later.

Baby Fees

The new Carlton Lodge Municipal Maternity Home at Harrogate has caused a lot of discussion. It's got twelve beds and has cost £4,000. The weekly charge is to be eight guineas which the local people think is too much. So it is.

But in Redditch they'd probably be only too glad to have the Home. Maternity accommodation there is still grossly inadequate. We've pointed that out before, and we're optimistic enough to hope for an improvement.

WHAT WE WANT

White Papers continue to report the progress of the Government's planning for our people.

But even the best of them is no more than a preface to debate. Since the war started only one Act of social reform has reached the Statute Book.

And the chief purpose of this single Act—to raise the school-leaving age—has had to be postponed.

This is reconstruction in slow motion, whereas the present situation demands quick and decisive action.

To-day, therefore, with Parliament facing a session of vital importance, JOHN BULL puts forward a six-point programme to cover what it believes to be the country's minimum requirements after victory has been won.

(1) **Employment for all fit and willing workers.** This will necessitate rehabilitation of the nation's transport system—its rail, road, canal and coastal traffic.

It will involve reorganisation of the coal industry all the way through from hewer to dealer, together with thorough mechanisation of the pits.

Factories, too, will have to be modernised and equipped with the latest machinery, and agriculture maintained on a level with all other essential industries.

And the shocking pre-war wastage in distribution will have to be reduced, either by sensible agreement among the interests concerned or by a continuance of zoning, pooling, and similar devices.

(2) **Adequate food for all.** For some time after hostilities cease world supplies will be barely able to meet minimum demands, and no decent person would wish for lavish plenty if neighbouring peoples had to go hungry.

Rationing and price controls, however vexatious to the individual, have at least assured a healthy survival diet to the community. These measures must therefore continue until the supply situation improves.

After that, however, the home public will expect not only enough food to live on, but a sufficient variety of good foods to keep it fit and physically contented.

It follows either that foodstuffs will still have to be rationed and price-controlled to make them available to the poorest of the community, or else that the poor will have to be made rich enough to buy them at market prices!

The latter alternative might necessitate a national minimum wage, and would certainly involve a comprehensive system of family allowances and an upward revision of all small pensions.

(3) **Homes for all.** We shall have to wait for these, for the Government has been afraid to tackle this problem realistically. Even at this eleventh hour it has formulated no national plan and declared no national policy.

JOHN BULL will only remind our leaders here that the British people will not be satisfied with a sprinkling of "Portals" and a dole of "temporary dwellings."

The overwhelming demand is for homes fit for ordinary people to live in—decent, well-equipped homes to be bought or rented at prices which the worker can afford to pay.

They must be provided even if this should involve the control of land and property prices as well as rents—or even the control of the building industry itself.

The men and women who are winning the war demand something more than piecemeal slum clearance; they require the complete abolition of the slums.

And, after a reasonable period of time, no housing policy will be deemed successful unless it has put an end to overcrowding.

(4) **Health for all—as the State can help to provide it.**

The best medical services should be available to all who need them. Let doctors continue in private practice if they choose; let patients consult whom they will if they care to pay the fee; but at least let us make certain that the full resources of medical science are mobilised for the whole community under a national health scheme.

Health for all must also imply an all-out campaign against tuberculosis and other scourges, together with generous encouragement of research and an extension of advisory services for women and children.

(5) **Full educational opportunities for all boys and girls.**

More schools, with more and better trained teachers, are essential to real educational reform. It is also vital that technical education should be made as efficient, as esteemed, and as well rewarded as any sort of book learning.

Above all, no barrier of poverty or social condition can be allowed to hold back any child.

(6) **Social security for everybody.**

When Sir William Beveridge published his famous Report there were many who felt that here was "a very tall order."

Since then, however, a truly great idea has "caught on," not only nationally, but internationally. Security is the crowning ambition of the whole war-weary world.

The Government's White Paper is a sincere attempt to meet British needs. It deserves careful study, and JOHN BULL accordingly makes no criticism of the proposals at this stage. We shall repeat only that the final test of national leadership will lie in its ability or otherwise to free our people from the shadow of want and fear.

WITHOUT FEAR
OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

Sense and Nonsense from Mr. Shaw

Newspapers by the score have reviewed Bernard Shaw's latest book. But few have given their readers an impression of the ironic mockery, the serious and simple explanations of matters which concern us all, the blend of nonsense and delicious tomfoolery, which we always expect from Mr. Shaw.

Here, then, taken almost at random, are some excerpts from the book itself:

"Our governing class, which has gone through the mill of preparatory school, public school, and university, is as illiterate as it is possible for any civilised class now to be, and maintains contempt for intellectual, artistic, and scientific pursuits, of which only the grossest ignorance is capable."

"Ignorance can be instructed: it is easy to write on a clean slate. But the slates in our schools are not clean; they are scrawled all over, not only with sham Latin verses, but with fabulous history, barbarous superstitions, obsolete codes and slogans, and the accumulated nonsense and rubbish of centuries; for these slates are never cleaned; and anyone attempting to clean them is punished, or, if out of reach, denounced as an enemy of God and Man."

"The Victoria Cross has been won by men abjectly afraid of ghosts, dogs, and dentists."

"Wolves and man-eating tigers must be exterminated. There are men and women quite as dangerous. They must also be killed, not in the least as punishment or expiation, but simply because they are unfit for civilised society, and the lives of fit people must not be wasted in restraining them."

"Our optimists point exultantly to the rise of wages: for instance, the wages of women employed in war work have risen from 2½d. an hour in 1914 to 6d. an hour in 1941, making 6s. a day for twelve hours' work instead of half-a-crown. But when the woman takes her 6s. home the ground landlord immediately confiscates from 8d. to 2s. of it. With the rest she buys her food and clothes at considerably increased prices."

Such is the quality of Everybody's Political What's What? (Constable, 10s.) Much of it has been said before—in the author's *Intelligent Woman's Guide*. But Mr. Shaw is always worth re-reading, and certainly worth 10s. of everybody's money.

J. E. T.

MURDERER OF HIS OWN PEOPLE

ALMOST as ghastly as the crimes of Kharkov and Lublin, Maideneck and Lidice, the extermination of Jews and the shooting of hostages, is that taking place in Germany to-day.

It is the mass-murder of Germans by Germans. It is the systematic elimination of tens of thousands of German Pacifists, Socialists, Catholics and Communists, of every German whose education and intelligence might enable him to lead a post-war Germany back into the comity of civilised nations.

We should not rejoice because Germans are killing Germans. The men who are dying in their thousands now are of the brain and probity that has made Einstein famous, that gave to politics Erzberger and Rathenau, and scores of other German democrats who genuinely wanted peace and international co-operation.

And to realise the tragedy of the present blood-bath inside Germany think of such as Pastor Niemöller, who chose prison rather than obey the Nazis; of Hermann von Ossietzky, whom the world honoured with the Nobel Prize before he was tortured to death in a concentration camp.

There are many others of their kind who have spent more than ten years in torture chambers and prisons. There are Socialists humiliated and flogged because they would not conform to Hitler's gospel.

Some 7,000 of these men have just found their death in Buchenwald concentration camp.

A far greater number is exposed to a similar fate in Dachau, Oranienburg, and scores of other camps where German anti-Nazis have been held for years without trial or conviction because of their opposition to the Nazis.

What is happening now—this organised mass-murder of all responsible Germans—means that Hitler is determined to perpetuate the Germany he has created to make sure that for decades no other Germany can arise, however skillfully the Allies try to re-educate his people.

A cautious estimate of the number of these potential subjects for Himmler's headmen is more than 200,000. And the figure grows as every day more anti-Nazis are sent to the camps, and thereby to the condemned cell.

Among them are men who would have helped the Allies to restore some of the damage which the Nazis have inflicted on the world; genuine democrats, whose voice was stifled even before the rest of Europe was tied hand and foot by Hitler.

But while there has been liberation for Frenchmen and Belgians, for Dutch, Luxemburgers, even for Finns, Rumanians and Bulgarians, while Poles and Czechs are waiting to breathe free air again, many German democrats will not survive the war.

It is a grim victory for Hitler; the last victory, the last crime which he will be allowed to commit. It is fitting that it is fratricide for which he will, in the end, be remembered by the German people.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Sir MALCOLM TRUSTRAM EVE, K.C.

Rehousing Chief No. 1

DEAR SIR MALCOLM,—Years ago, when 'planes were Priority No. 1 in Britain's war production schedule, a peer named Beaverbrook took over the Ministry of Aircraft Production. He slashed Red-Tape to shreds; he bullied, he cajoled. He demanded the impossible, and he got it. So Britain got the 'planes.

To-day—and for years to come—Priority No. 1 is housing. Thousands of bombed-out families are living in intolerable conditions. They have "taken it." Now they demand that the Government should restore as quickly as possible the shattered homes wrecked by flying bombs.

You have the reputation of being a hustler. You'll need to be if you're going to make a success of this vast and urgent job.

Everyone who matters is willing to help you. The



He has the reputation of being a hustler!

trade unions—especially those connected with the building trade—are anxious to do what they can.

The material necessary for repairs is available. So is labour. So is transport. You have the power to co-ordinate all three so that the job can be tackled adequately and speedily.

If Ministries or bureaucrats try to impede you, fight them, override them. Let them know what you want, and see that you get it. Ignore rules and regulations, red-tape and regimentation.

We could get the 'planes when we were in dire need of them. We should be able to get our blasted houses put into habitable repair.

The country is solidly behind you. The distressed families expect big things from you. Don't let them down. Make Trustram Eve and Housing as happy a combination as Beaverbrook and 'planes.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD BRUCE,

Senior Regional Commissioner for Wales

DEAR SIR GERALD,—Pardon the cliché, but "Heaven helps those who help themselves." In the past there has been too much Micawberism in industry—that stupid waiting for something to turn up, instead of a drive to create trade.

Industrialists from the Welsh valleys have met under your chairmanship to discuss plans for post-war prosperity. They remember, alas! those bleak, barren days when the basic industries slumped, and men, in their thousands, existed sullenly, bitterly on the dole.

By expanding and developing new light industries Welsh employers, large and small, intend to avoid, if they can, their economic security on coal, steel and tinplate.

Their example is one which should be followed by industrialists in all those areas which once were known by the depressing title of "distressed."

Only one thing about the Welsh meeting perturbs me—its one-sidedness. Surely the workers might have been represented? Their voice in reshaping the industrial life of Wales should have been heard. They got the thick end of the economic stick in the lean years. And their views on post-war re-creation are important. Team-work is the way to prevent slums.

Don't you agree?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. PERCY,

Secretary, Licensed Victuallers' Defence League

DEAR SIR,—So Chester publicans are to exclude Salvation Army workers from their premises because "these workers are spies in the anti-drink campaign."

And the women in drab uniform who sell Army newspapers and collect pennies from friendly and bantering drinkers are branded as "spies."

What stupidity! A spy tries to give information forbidden him or her. A public-house is truly named. What goes on there is for all to see.

What possible information can anyone collect to be used against the trade? Publicans by issuing this incredibly futile ban merely arouse suspicion that such information is available; whereas any decently conducted pub. should welcome inquiry from its foes as well as its friends.

I hold no brief for the Salvation Army lasses. But they have the courage of religious conviction and are worthy of respect.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTER

Aircraftman JOHN STONE, With the R.A.F. Overseas

DEAR ERK,—Your selection as prospective Labour candidate for the Totnes Division at the next General Election is a pointer to what I hope will be a new political era in this country—an era in which brains and ability, not birth or position, are the qualifications for the House of Commons.

Youth in itself—you are twenty-one—is no virtue. But youth combined with sincerity, enthusiasm, the desire to serve, and the zeal to re-create, can, and should, play a leading part in the Battle of Post-war Britain.

Formidable barriers, strengthened by tradition, fortified by selfish interests, and manned by reactionaries, will have to be stormed.

And men like you will have to form the spearheads of the storming parties. Plans for decent standards of living will be your cannon; social security will be your ammunition. And the right of every family to live in peace and plenty will be your big guns.

The fight at Totnes will not be easy. The last Labour vote was only a seventh of the Conservative poll. But nothing in this life is worth having unless it is worked for, fought for.

I want to see hundreds of young, brilliant men like you heading for Westminster. I want to see the old privileged ditches cleared and the country moving unimpeded to a period of splendour and prosperity.

You, and men like you, have fought for the right to help mould that period. Keep the fight going when you come back.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT

FREEDOM-AND "WAGE SLAVES"

By PALLAS

I HAVE been "dared" to write an article by a reader, "W. L.," who pleads for the freedom of the common man. "W. L." has an extremely buzzsome bee in his bonnet—a bee whose hive is Transport House, headquarters of the T.U.C.

"Hatred of the rankest, most bitter and vicious sort," he writes, "has existed here in Britain and overseas for, to my knowledge, two generations, and will do more to prevent the inauguration of the 'Brave New World' that we are all so anxious to see and live in."

"I refer to the undying, vitriolic hatred of the trade unionist to the man who, in the exercise of his birthright, declines to link up with a union. . . ."

"Much has been said and written about the war being waged for the freedom of the peoples of the earth, but so far none has dared to advocate the freedom of, and for, the 'wage slaves.' For they are 'wage slaves' to the trade unions."

★ ★ ★

"W. L.," who says he is qualified for membership of two unions, refuses to join either because he prefers "to be captain of my own soul rather than bow the knee to tyrannical T.U. bosses."

But what a distorted view!

When I joined the National Union of

Journalists 27 years ago there were reporters in big provincial cities earning £3 or £2 5s. a week. Platers and riveters and steelworkers were earning anything from £10 to £20 a week.

Economically the "T.U. bosses" have improved the lot of every worker in the country including that of men whose income is several thousands a year.

★ ★ ★

But "W. L." is concerned with freedom. Well, does a union tell him or me where to live, how to live, how to spend leisure, what hobbies to follow, what books to study? Does a union interfere with his or my private life?

If a union for the sake of self-existence insists on a closed shop, that union knows the peril of non-union labour and knows, to its bitter cost, what has been paid out in the struggle to gain recognition of the closed shop principle.

The non-unionist benefits at the expense of the man who pays his union dues. As for T.U. bosses, try to tell that to the Durham miner, the Sheffield steelworker, the Lancashire operative. They'll laugh at you. The man in the union is the real boss as some union leaders, inclined to arrogance, have discovered to their cost.

Freedom and union membership are compatible. At least I've found them so. "W. L." can, too.

Mr. JAN MASARYK,

Czech Foreign Minister

DEAR FRIEND,—I may call you that, hope, for you have been constant, staunch and loyal in your friendship for Britain. And because of your faith in us and your knowledge of us, I trust that sufficient heed is paid to your warning about sentimentality.

"The people of Britain," you said, "should not become sentimental too quickly when the Battle of Europe is won. The Germans do not understand so let us be stern and just."

That the enemy will whine and try to cheat, as he succeeded in doing after the last war, is sure. That he has hopes, despite the foulness of his crimes, of getting away with it again is also sure.

Yet I feel that this time his expressions of self-pity and his protestations of innocence will be of no avail. He will be treated, I hope, neither sentimentally nor vindictively, but with the hard yet fair justice required by the most abominable crimes of all history.

And we must also ensure that never again can he attempt to enslave the liberty-loving peoples whom he is stupidly regarded as "soft and sentimental."—JOHN BULL.

Miss BRENDA ANDERSON,

Mount Pleasant-road, Tottenham

DEAR MISS ANDERSON,—The Gestapo can be fooled. You've done it. And fooling Himmler's torturers and thugs you have won your freedom, and are now breathing the unpolluted air of London.

Eight years have gone by since you first went to live in Copenhagen. Then on D-Day you escaped to Sweden, stowed away in a repatriation liner and came safely to England.

How do you find us? We're a bit weary and worn. Many of our homes have vanished. Our towns and cities are drab. And you will find London on the surface a dull old lady after the brightness of the Danish capital.

But you'll also find that our women are as stout hearted as ever. They have taken bombs and doodle bugs in their course, have worked as never before, and have kept the faith.

No city in the world has a pulse so stout and so unfaltering as London. Welcome home to the capital of Liberty.—JOHN BULL.



Yes, but there are still many square miles of wild country preserved for grouse shooting where the walker cannot tread

WENT to the far edge of England and in the dusk I came up the hill into the old frontier town of Ludlow. And from under the arch of the old Angel Hotel there came a gust of young laughter and song.

You've heard in poetry of the Shropshire Lad. How better begin a quest for youth than find what the Shropshire lads and lassies are doing now?

Some of them used to stand on the Ludlow street corners, bored, hands in pockets. Nothing to do, nowhere to go, in such a quiet little place, once they'd been to the pictures.

The girls yawned their heads off.

Then they started a youth club.

They began by getting together in a schoolroom one night a week. Now they've taken over a derelict hotel and made it the liveliest place in town, open every night.

From catering up, the teen ages are running the show. With their 5s. subs. they bought a piano, a billiards table, installed a canteen, comfortable furniture.

I found them dancing in a former sample room. Where well-to-do folk used to order 5s. dinners, businessmen's sons and labourers' lads were drinking cups of cocoa and talking together.

Hoodlums one night started smashing things up. They were quietly ticked off. The dead-enders joined the club—and are now model members.

They even pay rent to the local council. You and I may think it odd that the city fathers exact hard cash from the youngsters instead of supporting them, but—says Ludlow—we're not the ratepayers!

GOOD COMPANY

The boys told me that the older people were rather alarmed about a programme of sex talks. They needn't have worried. The medical stuff bored the youngsters. Then a B.B.C. official came down to talk about Russia—and had a packed house.

Fifty of the girls, too, got busy recently and sent the local council their recommendations on housing. They drew up a memorandum full of practical ideas, like a niche for the toes at the kitchen sink and a soundproof floor to the children's room.

Their elders wondered why the teen age bothered.

"You're building the houses," retorted the fifteen and sixteen-year-olds, "but in five or six years' time we're going to live in them!"

Another wing of the Angel Hotel has been taken over with similar zest—and transformed into a youth hostel. Pre-war hotel guests used to live expensively. Now hiking and cycling youngsters have the same constant hot water and central heating—for 1s. a night.

I stayed there myself. My room-fellows were a Doncaster engineering apprentice who was seeing Wales... and a Brighton cinema projectionist on holiday, pushing North to see how real folks live.

We made our own beds in the morning. The Doncaster kid cleaned some windows. The Brighton chap and I tidied up in the common-room. There's even a working party of youngsters in Brum. who cycle down to Ludlow when needed for painting and plumbing. For youth hostels are run by members.

I pushed on again next day and in the evening trudged over the rim of Wenlock Edge to Wilderhope Manor. Thanks to the National Trust, it is preserved for the nation for ever, but it, too, is wisely used as a youth hostel.

It's the only time I've ever slept in a sixteenth-century bedroom in an Elizabethan manor house for 1s. and had a supper of real eggs, farmhouse bacon and lavish pancakes for another 1s.

One of the guests, a young school-master on holiday, was stopping three nights. Total cost, with breakfasts and suppers, 9s.!

No wonder the Youth Hostel Association has doubled its standing mem-

● Radio ovens to-day are cooking a dozen different materials required for the war, from penicillin to plywood. To-morrow they will be widely used in industry for almost every purpose where controlled heat is required.

In your home they will make it possible for you to remain perfectly warm while having the window wide open on a frosty day or to cook a "joint and two veg." meal in five minutes.

The secret is "induction heating." Without going into technicalities, what happens is that the thing to be cooked or heated is made part of a condenser into which a high frequency current is passed. The high frequency waves cannot get through easily and most of the energy is turned into heat.

The most important thing is that the heat comes from the inside and is not applied externally as in all the more usual methods of cooking. That means there will be no question of food being burned on the outside and raw inside. It will be cooked exactly evenly all through.

But the housewife and the restaurant proprietor will not have to worry about technicalities. All they will see is a rather large valve—the high frequency generator.

The housewife will simply have to put

Round the World on a Shilling a Day

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

bership since the war to 150,000, with thousands still joining!

Last year, youth hostels had 502,632 visitors.

Teen age youngsters working as spare-time volunteers have just converted another couple of disused cottages near Leatherhead, Surrey. They took off the roof of one and put it back again, dug hundreds of yards of trench for the water supply, did everything from plumbing to glazing.

Near Kidderminster another group has converted an old malt-house. A Scottish unit has just repaired and re-opened Ferniehurst Castle. Yet it's not so long since a Merseyside walker noticed the tough time kids were having in getting a night's accommodation when walking or cycling—and started the first of all British hostels.

To-day, through regional committees, the movement is still run by the members.

THEY WANT MORE FREEDOM

Not far from Wilderhope Manor was the meeting place of one of the earliest English Parliaments. Now on the flagged terrace I heard the youngsters talking with equal purpose.

They're trying to arrange a chain of youth hotels through the Soviet Union after the war.

It means that Russian youngsters will be able to come here and see our way of life. And it means that British kids will be able to travel across Russia and through the youth hostel chains of Canada and the States.

"In fact," said a Yorkshire lad, "we'll go round the world for a bob a day."

In America they're starting youth trips with trailer cars. How about a holiday across the States to California, with side-trackings to the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite? It's coming.

"I think," said one Wilderhope guest, "that we're going to laugh luxury hotels

—and their fish-eyed inhabitants—out of existence. . . ."

And meet seventeen-year-old Kenneth Bradgate, who works in a Bradford mill while his three elder brothers are fighting in Europe. He's done some hard thinking since he started walking around to see Britain at week-ends.

"My brothers," he told me, "are fighting for England—and liberty. It ought at least to be possible for them, when they come home, to roam on our heaths and downs and moors and mountains. . . ."

"Well, they can, can't they?"

The guests at Wilderhope shouted me down. Till then I hadn't known that there are uncultivated Pennine moorlands still jealously preserved for deer-stalking and grouse-shooting, whole districts of many square miles as forbidden as Tibet.

Close to the congested industrial areas of Manchester and Sheffield there are uncultivated wilds jealously kept for the owners and their friends to enjoy a fortnight a year.

The youngsters find that the Access Act, passed by Parliament in 1939, doesn't work. And it's making them angry.

They've even started an association to open up a footpath for 250 miles along the Pennines—a Pennine Way along the blustery roof of Britain, following Roman roads and mediaeval tracks. Rights of passage, they say, would cost no more than the construction of a few yards of modern motoring road.

And what about a coastal path, so that nowhere need we be denied access to the seashore of Britain?

Get out of the rut of years, as I did. Go among the young people of Britain, stay with them, eat with them, and you find them in ferment—preparing and planning. They know that to-morrow's world is theirs. So they're changing it now!

SUNDAY DINNER COOKED IN FIVE MAGIC MINUTES

her prepared food in the oven and take it out—three to five minutes later.

In cafés, etc., radio ovens will keep pies and similar foods hot without any risk of burning. Bakers will be able to turn out loaves without fear of them being "doughy" inside and burned to a cinder outside.

For heating in the house, we shall be able to have high frequency generators hidden in the walls. The radiations they produce will warm everything solid in the room. Even if the air coming in at the window is freezing, you will remain quite warm.

The widest applications of radio heating, however, are likely to be in factories. Because the heat can be controlled so exactly and is even right through, it will solve many technical problems.

For instance, one of the reasons why car bodies have not been made of plastic is that the mould would require such a long time to cool, making the number of bodies that could be turned out by a press quite small.

Now manufacturers have been experimenting with radio heating, and it is believed the problem has been solved. The system can be used for refrigeration—that is withdrawing heat—in the same way as for cooking.

Radio cooking in factories is now used for annealing, soldering, drying textiles,

and making plastic plywood. In every case it makes for quicker, safer and more controllable heating.

To demonstrate control, scientists using high frequency heating make one end of a screw white hot while the other end remains cold.

The way radio heating speeds up manufacture is shown in the case of one part of a military wireless set. Under the old method 100 parts an hour were soldered. With radio heating, 2,500 parts an hour are soldered.

But perhaps the most remarkable will come through the "seaming" that is made possible by the use of radio heating and plastics. It will be possible to make plastic clothes without a single stitch, to bond rubber and wood, rubber and cloth—almost every conceivable kind of combination. In every case, as with the plywood that makes our wooden planes, the joint is actually stronger than the materials.

Other uses to which radio-cooking is being put are seasoning wood in a quarter or less the normal time; destroying insects and moulds in granaries and enabling grain to be stored for long periods, and rapid drying of paint.

By using a "radio oven," the time taken to dry penicillin in one factory has been reduced from 24 hours to 30 minutes.

T. S. DOUGLAS.

By A. G. GARDINER

WE have passed the equinox, and the war has become a race with the clock. Can we force a decision before the winter is on us? Can Germany hold out until the weather breaks? That is the issue.

Whatever the outcome, it cannot affect the result of the war. That is decided. Germany is beaten, and knows she is beaten.

She is in an immeasurably worse case than she was in September, 1918, when she was preparing for surrender. Then she bowed to the imminent invasion rather than suffer the horrors of a hopeless winter campaign on her own soil.

Now she invites those horrors in the hope of deferring the inevitable knock-out blow until next Spring.

What is the explanation? In 1918 there was a responsible Germany still in being—a government to act, a military staff to give the word, a public opinion to be heard, a country to be saved.

To-day there is no such Germany. It is a ship that has fallen a prey to gangsters who have no future except the hangman's rope, and who are resolved that if they perish the ship shall perish with them.

Surrender means their end. While they can keep the ship afloat their necks are safe. And by the Spring some miracle may happen that will enable them to dodge the scaffold. Such is the calculation.

If it is to be defeated, the next two or three weeks should be decisive. After that winter conditions will set in. The armies will be bogged below and the aeroplanes will be largely neutralised above.

If we have not fanned out effectively over Germany by that time the coming of winter may delay the decision.

* * *

The probabilities favour us. Since the landing of June 6, and especially since the crushing victory at Falaise, the speed and impetus of the invasion have never had a moment's pause.

We have taken half a million prisoners. We have put out of action more than a million men. We have broken great armies into incoherent fragments. We have taken most of the Channel ports from the rear. We have destroyed the whole flying-bomb mechanism.

We have captured mighty city strongholds, leap-frogged great rivers, isolated divisions and army corps, destroyed mountains of munitions, torn the whole strategy of the enemy to shreds and tatters.

Never in the history of war has there been such a revelation of military power. Rarely in the history of war has there been such a débâcle. Seldom has there been such evidence of far-sighted military genius.

Given another month of campaigning weather, the goal would have been a certainty this autumn. As it is, the issue is still open.

* * *

It depends not only on the bravery and resources of our own army: it depends no less upon the conditions and resources within the besieged fortress. Can those conditions and resources keep us at bay beyond Christmas?

Take first the military aspect. The gigantic losses both of men and material which the enemy has sustained in the West have alarmingly weakened their resistance.

All the outworks of the fortress have been over-run from the coast to the frontier. The

Finish It This



This is Germany—autumn, 1944

West wall is breached and faith in the Slegfried line and the Rhine as defensive obstacles has vanished.

Even if the obstacles were sound, their efficiency depends on the manpower available and that manpower is wanting. It is not merely numbers that are wanting: it is quality also.

Where the young thugs of the Hitler Youth are fighting fanatically, as at Metz, the resistance is formidable.

But there are not enough men of this tough quality to man the hundreds of miles of fortified frontier from the Belfort gap to the sea.

For the rest, the men are inferior—many of them old and weary, many disillusioned and defeatists, many ready to surrender like the amazing 20,000 who gave up their arms to an American lieutenant and a handful of men.

Moreover, the complete eclipse of Germany in the air leaves the armies with the sense that they are deserted and helpless against better equipped and victorious foes. And it is the morale of armies that counts.

How desperate the military situation is felt to be is shown by the proclamation issued by the *Gauleiters* many times a day ordering men, women and youths to join in digging fortifications for the protection of the vital installations on the Rhine and in the Ruhr. The mere fact of such panic measures tells its own tale.

Turn to another aspect of the military situation in Germany—material. The long pounding of German resources from the air is reflected in the marked deterioration in enemy arms, equipment and transport.

The condition of the prisoners taken

is deplorable. They are generally ill-clothed and hungry. Supply has broken down either through lack of commodities or transport.

But most important in this connection is the oil famine. This deficiency has been growingly apparent ever since the African campaign, and Allied and enemy reports agree that Germany is now strained in this respect to the utmost limit.

According to the latest evidence not a single synthetic oil plant was fully working last week. Some have been damaged so much

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS:

IT all began early one morning when a young man delivering papers suddenly snipped 50 ft. from the wall of a circus tent with a razor-blade.

It was tough canvas designed for a single purpose. Within a few days it served a quite new one. Stretched tightly across a crazy construction of ribs, it formed the "lifting surface" for a very unusual glider.

The contraption was hauled to the roof of a near-by house. It was a tall house with a deep, sloping roof. Down that roof the glider slipped, gathered speed and shot into space. By all the laws of aerodynamics its boy pilot should have died. As the wing buckled at the centre he began to wonder himself.

* * *

Then he crashed earthwards—87 ft., with a tangle of struts and canvas about him. Sixty feet of the fall was sheer and unhindered. Then he hit a big bush and it probably saved his life.

The boy's father pulled him out of the wreckage and demanded the immediate destruction of the remainder of the glider.

To-day that boy is the most famous pilot in America. To-day Colonel Robert Scott is a legend amongst U.S. airmen—

"Whatever way you take of a man."

Colonel Scott's war when the United States pilots to resign their accept jobs as instructors Central Aircraft Manufacturing Co. These men to ships to Burma. The passenger lists as and lawyers. Amongst Scott.

They were destined Imperial Japanese Air Force. Later they did at staggered altitudes radio reports from the latest position of the over Changsha. The field. Then all was waited. . . . Then I saw against the moon. . . . The second 13,000 ft. . . . The second then we heard Johnny

Wing C

Year

at, so far as can be seen, they are out of the war for good.

On the top of this comes the complete cessation of the Rumanian supplies, which represented a third of Germany's oil resources. And this at the most critical phase of the war.

So much for the military outlook. What of the position inside the fortress? What of the morale of the people? What of the relations of the army and the politicians? Who is in control?

The mystery of Hitler's silence deepens as the outlook darkens. That he is fading from the scene is obvious.

Goebbels does all the drum-beating and strange sounds his drum emits. Now that he can no longer lie, he wallows in gloom to scare the people to renewed effort.

But it is Himmler who is now the chief-miller of Germany. He controls everything and everybody, including the army.

On the one hand, he is directing the defence of Germany. On the other, he is waging a war of terror in Germany.

He is purging the high ranks of the Army of all suspects. Heads are still "rolling" and the concentration camps are full. Everyone who is held to be likely to form an emergency government is whipped off to prison.

The latest haul of prisoners includes all members of the Reichstag who held seats before Hitler came to power. It includes also Baron von Neurath, who was Foreign Minister before Ribbentrop and Meissner, who was president of Hitler's Reichchancellery.

Then, between the terror within and the terror without, the German nation awaits its doom. I do not lay stress on the white flags that are greeting the invasion. But it may well be that hatred of the Gestapo will play a big part in the final reckoning. And if that is so the decision will be reached before Christmas.

Over the Burmese Jungles

"em." . . . Then I saw him so close to the enemy ships that he seemed to be in formation with them, and clearly over the radio I heard Johnny say: "Watch the fireworks." . . . The first Jap bomber trailed fire, slowly turned on its back and spun crazily. . . .

The lone fighter proceeded to slide over behind the other bombers, and a second machine suddenly exploded. Within a matter of seconds a third bomber went crashing down.

By now another American pilot had closed on the fourth. It, too, suddenly staggered in its tracks and crumpled.

There was one bomber left, swerving desperately away. Ajax Baumler followed it thirty miles north and shot it down in flames.

Five Japanese bombers came in to attack that day. None returned.

High adventure never lets up in this book. Wherever you turn, action boils.

There was the strange episode of the 'plane flown by the dead. Scott saw a lone Japanese Zero performing some queer aerobatics. Scott closed warily. First he thought the pilot was hurt. Then, as the 'plane swept up in another big loop, he realised that the man was dead.

But the 'plane showed no sign of

Coming Back to the Fold

OFFICIAL news that Labour, at the end of the war, would leave the National Government and fight, in the next election, as a separate Party, will be followed by applications for membership by all sorts of people who broke away, or were kicked out.

The first to decide to do so—it was her husband, Aneurin Bevan, who told me—was Jennie Lee, once a Labour M.P., then a member of the I.L.P., whose smallness she made smaller by leaving it before she fought against Lady Apsley at Bristol.

Among the other likely applicants for re-entry, I am told, is Sir Stafford Cripps. On his own, great as are his gifts, he is utterly ineffective. Back in the ranks of Labour, he would have considerable influence.

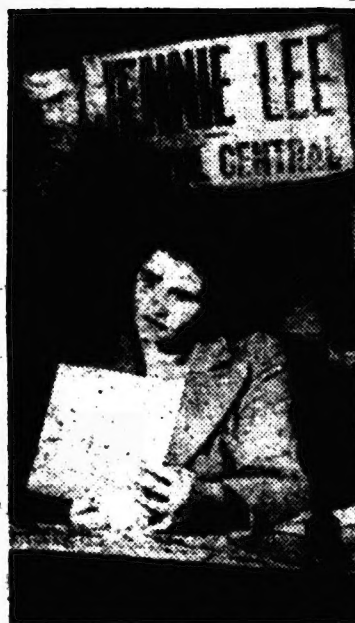
Indeed, his eclipse, despite his position in the Government, in the last two years, has been one of the strangest happenings of the war.

Labour, Be Bold!

The "Get out" decision will strengthen the forces of the Left inside the Labour camp. More, for the first time for long, it has made some of them hint at possible differences in the Right Wing.

For there, while some demand strong independent action, others seem to favour being in the Coalition even after the war.

Some of the Left may call this "love of office"; others will explain it as being contentment with a maintenance of wages in the existing system.



Jennie Lee is rejoining the Labour Party

But what Labour will find it necessary to smash for ever is the idea that it does not want to form a Government. Only boldness of policy will end that.

"Whitewashing Gracie"

The latest about Gracie Fields—it is sent out as a boost for "We'll Meet Again," a touring revue—is that, "immediately after the war" she is going on a world tour in an original "double act" with her brother, Tommy Fields, as her partner.

Meanwhile, she is advertising cigarettes—they say at £1,500 a week!—on the American radio.

I am reminded that, not long before they left for the States on the eve of Italy making war, Monty Bianchi, her husband, told me his name meant "whiting."

"What, a fish?" I asked. "No, when you do that," he explained, waving his hand up and down the wall.

"Oh, whitewashing," I exclaimed.

"Fancy whitewashing our Gracie!" That was on May 2, 1940. On May 29, not four weeks later, Gracie told me she was off "on a tour of Canada and Australia to raise funds for the Red Cross."

A day or two after that, she slipped out of Britain. On June 10, Italy declared war.

L.G. on Tommy's Pay

The scandal of the smallness of Tommy's pay as compared with that of our Dominion troops and the Americans seemed even worse now that we are told how, in India, the British soldier often could not go on leave because, being unable to tip natives, he would "lose caste"—and that this even applied to officers!

It was Lloyd George who told me how the shilling-a-day idea began, years ago, when that payment, plus board and lodging, was just enough to tempt recruits from the land, on which the farm worker was scandalously paid.

"Even to-day, when much higher land wages have been forced on farmers who laughed at me when I raised them on my own farm," he said, "that sort of idea survives."

Radio v. Churchill

America's radio commentators, given a thousand times more latitude than ours, are becoming increasingly frank about Britain's future in Asia.

Swaffer Talking

Upton Close, the most outspoken, has told vast unseen audiences that General MacArthur's determination to establish self-government in the Philippines will make things very difficult for the British and French, "whose Empires rest on force and concentration camps." "I doubt if France will ever get back her Asiatic possessions," he added.

Cecil Brown, regretting that Britain's decision on full co-operation in the Pacific was not accompanied by the reaffirmation of the Atlantic Charter, repeated an attack on Churchill's old-fashioned imperialism. "The Prime Minister of Great Britain," he declared, "is impeding the march of the peoples towards liberty."

I Anney (Part of) Wales

Eleven years ago—"because of Hannen Swaffer's great services to Wales," said the Arch Druid when he inducted me at the Eisteddfod at Wrexham, and gave me the bardic title of "Llais y werin," or "Voice of the People." I was made a member of the Gorsedd.

Now, merely because I printed one paragraph headed "Joys of the Country," saying how one Welsh shepherd who could not read or write asked if the war was over, and how one English evacuee criticised conditions in the one district of North Wales to which she was sent, the Rural District Council of Llantrisant and Llanwit Fardre, whose district of South Wales was not meant, have sent me a long official protest, which reads almost as though they thought me their nation's enemy!

They write, or so they say, on behalf of all Wales!

No longer can I speak of my many tours of Wales, making speeches, always paying my own expenses, and demanding better conditions for the Welsh people, especially the miners.

All that seems to be forgotten—because I wrote one paragraph quoting one letter!

One for the English!

Still, one Welshman, Signalman Abraham, has got his own back.

After replying that in five years of service in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, including Orkney and Shetland, he has found ignorance in many places, he declares that "when the first evacuees reached Wales from Liverpool and London their behaviour and personal cleanliness were appalling."

"They did not know what good food was," he says. Their idea of a good meal was fish and chips. Mothers used to spend their time and money in the pub!

"It was an acknowledged fact in my town that the only two respectable families were black in colour."

Signalman Abraham, writing as a worker of the Labour Party, points the moral:

"This war has done much to reveal to both town and country how each other lives; and both sides are shocked. This, in turn, shows how poor has been the education of the masses in the past."

Read "AS HANNEN SWAFFER SEES IT," Every Sunday in THE PEOPLE

By Eric Allen

An Eye for an Eye

Short Story

I had the shovel
in my hands. I
swung it. I
don't know
whether I hit
him or not

Drawing by
Edgar
Spenceley



IT wasn't far off whistle time. Marlow and I were in the small boiler-room. We had been at it for almost eight hours, and I was practically dead.

I don't know whether the furnace really was hotter than usual that day, or the coal really heavier, but I know that for the past hour I had been telling myself that this next shovelful would have to be the last, and that as I had swung it stiffly towards the furnace the heat had rushed out like a vicious house-dog whose chain held it back only just out of reach.

And then Marlow.

Maybe jeering at me helped him to get through his own day. I may have been his safety valve. Possibly so, because I don't think that at bottom he was such a bad chap.

Naturally, when a young fellow comes straight from the university and takes a job in a factory he falls in for a lot of chaff. I expected it and I didn't mind it. But Marlow went too far.

There is something about working in a boiler-room.

The heat from the furnace seems to dry the sap out of you, to tauten your nerve fibres like banjo strings—so that the sound of a piece of coal falling will make them twang and jangle. And that was a very bad afternoon. All that I wanted was to curl up inside myself and concentrate all that I had on keeping going until the whistle went.

But Marlow had to keep on nag, nag, nagging at me.

"Billme!" he was saying. "Call that a shovelful. Will you take one lump or two, Mrs. Jones?"

I snapped round at him. "For God's sake shut up," I yelled. "I'm doing the best I can."

Marlow rested for a moment on his shovel. "Hark at the young cock sparrow. Mustn't open me mouth now. Pray silence for his lordship the Duck of Muck." He laughed. "Perhaps you'd like to shut me mouth for me?" He came over to me and thrust his jaw forward. "Ere you are. Go on, take a poke."

I didn't mean to do it; I didn't want to do it; in fact, I didn't do it—it simply happened. I had the shovel in my hands. I swung it. I don't know whether I hit him or not. Perhaps I did. At any rate, he staggered back. There was some loose coal on the floor behind him. He stumbled . . . fell. And then there was a scream that I can still hear sometimes in my depressions.

I don't know what I would have done,

but as it turned out I didn't have to do anything. In order to keep the fires up the new shift always came in a few minutes before the old one knocked off. I was standing there, dazed and trembling. And then somebody came into the boiler-room.

It was Stavros and his mate—the new shift.

Stavros took charge. He sent his mate rushing off for the first-aid box and the foreman. In less than ten minutes they had Marlow fixed up and away in an ambulance to the hospital.

Then they began to ask questions. How had it happened? But Stavros was still in charge.

"I tell you how it happen," he said. "Issa slippery in there jus' like hell. Me, I nearly done it myself, two, three, four times. I say to Bill, my mate, many time, 'Someone's a goin' a slip one time, I say. That's right, ain't it, mate?'"

"That's right," Bill nodded.

The foreman turned to me. "You'd better tell . . ."

But Stavros wouldn't have it. "Ah! Leave-a the kid alone. He tell you to-morrow. It ain't nice if you mate kiss the furnace door like that. Go on, kid. You go home."

"Reckon you'd better," the foreman nodded. "Get some sleep. The morning'll do."

But in the morning I was raving with a sort of fever. Late nights with my books and the job and then that final show-down—it was all too much. I had taken this job at the beginning of the war because I thought that it would give me time to go on with my studies. I wasn't dodging; army life would have been a rest cure by comparison; but I couldn't face the waste of years. But I was soft. I had never done physical work before. I worked myself over the edge.

WHEN the doctor let me go back to work they were all very decent about it. They gave me an easier job to do and didn't even mention the Marlow affair.

I don't know why Marlow kept his mouth shut. Perhaps he thought that there would be no compensation following a boiler-room scrap. Or maybe he didn't want the story to get around that he had been laid out by a softy from the university. But whatever his reason, he let Stavros's version of it stand.

Everybody believed it—except Stavros. Stavros had seen it. No—he had not come into the boiler-room until afterwards; but he had seen it in my eyes or sensed it in the air. Stavros knew—he knew me, because he was my friend.

Stavros was a refugee, a Greek. There was nothing at all extraordinary about him. He wasn't clever; he had no gifts. It was his simplicity and his warmth that made him different.

He had talked to me a little about his home in the Peloponnesus. He came of pastoral stock. His father had a few sheep, a goat or two, a little land. Stavros loved that blood-soaked, time-worn land where his brothers pastured their flocks and dozed in the sun.

Stavros had not wanted to leave his home, he had not wanted to go away and work in some other country; but since life ordered it thus then he was content to accept the necessity. But when he left home he had but one object: to earn enough as quickly as possible. Five hundred pounds was the sum.

When I knew him he had three hundred towards it.

When I returned to work, Stavros had left, taken a job somewhere else. I have not seen him since. But they told me how he had managed the Marlow affair.

It had not turned out too well for Marlow. His union dues had not been paid up, so he got no benefit there. And he got no compensation from the company. They fobbed him off with a few pounds.

"Enough to keep him drunk for a week and that's about all," as one of the men put it.

They had a whip-round among themselves, but that didn't help very much. He would have fared badly indeed but for our Greek's idea.

It was Stavros who suggested that they should write to Marlow's Uncle Fred.

NOW this uncle of Marlow's was a bit of a joke around the shop. Marlow was one of those fellows who couldn't keep his pay. On Wednesday or Thursday he was always broke and trying to borrow odd shillings.

"Why don't you tap your Uncle Fred for a quid or so?" the men would say.

"All right," Marlow would scowl.

"Laugh—but just you wait. My Uncle Fred's got money—and he won't live for ever. You won't laugh if I turn up one day in a top 'at and me own motor-car."

Uncle Fred, apparently, was a greengrocer. He had a shop in the Walworth Road. And Marlow was the apple of his eye.

If any of us were hard up we would say to Marlow: "How about getting your Uncle Fred to let us have a couple of quid till Saturday?"

But Marlow would shake his head. "I've never as't him for a penny, and I ain't going to start now. I've me pride, ain't I? And besides, it'll all be mine some day."

Marlow, of course, was exactly the type to boast about a thing like that. That great dull ox could not have grown up without a sense of inferiority. His treatment of me was all part of it.

I knew why Stavros was so keen to help the man, of course. He hadn't much use for Marlow, but from the first he had—well, adopted me in a big brotherly sort of way; and he knew that I would feel myself to be responsible for the man's situation. Stavros was trying to help me, not Marlow.

At least, that is what I tell myself. But I cannot be sure. Possibly my gentle-eyed Greek was just a fool for any lame dog.

The men shook their heads when he suggested that Marlow's uncle should be told about the affair. That was up to Marlow, they said. It was his place to do it. And besides, how would they get hold of the man in any case? The Walworth Road was lousy with greengrocers. And they didn't even know his name.

But you couldn't shake Stavros when his mind was made up. "You write the let," he said. "Me, I have a friend has a cat at Camberwell. I send it him and say he's-a call on all the greengroce' in the Walworth Road."

Well—as they told me—they didn't see any harm in it, though they didn't expect it to do any good.

"You could've pushed the lot of us over with your little finger," the man said when he told me about it. "Along comes a letter what this pal of Greeky's sent on to him—from Marlow's Uncle Fred. All about 'ow grieved he were to hear about it and why hadn't Ted let him know before. And a cheque in it, too, if you can believe it. Three hundred quid. Just shows you, don't it?"

And that, so I thought, was the end of the Marlow affair. Until that morning in Newcastle.

You know those queer little lanes behind Westgate? I had gone into this shop for cigarettes. It was one of those poky little places—down a step, and then the counter with old tobacco jars on the shelves behind it; a bundle of walking-sticks at the door and a postcard view or so of Whitley Bay. I paid for my cigarettes and was turning away when the man behind the counter said:

"Could you use a box of matches? I always keep a few under the counter for me old pals."

I looked at him hard. There was an angry scar down one side of his face as though he had been hit with the flat of a hot shovel. He held out his hand to me.

"No hard feelings, mate."

"Marlow!" I said. "It is Marlow, isn't it?"

"Large as life," he grinned. Then, nodding around the shop, introducing me to it. "What do you thing of this? Pretty nice, eh?"

"Yours?"

"Bought and paid for. And I'm doing all right, too. This is the life. I tell you. What I've always wanted. I'd've 'ad it long ago, too, if I'd been a saving man."

"Well . . ." I said. "I'm glad that things have turned out all right for you. Very glad. . . ."

"Thanks to you," he said.

I stared at him. "I don't think I get it. They told me that your uncle. . . ."

He laughed. "Come orf it. You don't have to keep that up with me . . . though I must say as it were a nice way of doing it . . . a gentleman's way. They told me, too, that it were from my Uncle Fred, but I knew different. And for why? Because I never 'ad no Uncle Fred."

HUMAN MACHINE

Don't Delay

● "Time," as the famous American newsreel says, "marches on." We have a strange habit of forgetting this.

We look ahead at all the years that stretch out so far into the distance and picture all the opportunities that are coming our way and think of all the fine things we are going to do.

Then, one day, we make the startling discovery that life isn't so long after all.

It isn't only the work to be done, the things to achieve, the success to be won; all that's only part of life. There's the pleasure and the joy to be had.

It is tragic to watch the person who has forgotten that the best things of life are the little things, the everyday things, the ordinary things.

That is the real danger of thinking that there's still plenty of time to enjoy these.

There isn't any time to spare at all. Don't delay. Begin now.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Black Markets Go North

- £200 a day was the profit made by a Liverpool Black Market rogue over a period of many months.
- Material worth five and half million clothing coupons has been stolen in a year.
- By removing Utility marks, goods can be sold at luxurious prices.
- "It's one of the biggest problems we've ever had," say the police—and it is getting worse.

SO extensive has the Black Market become that it is beating the police by odds of something like 100 to 1.

For years I have kept you informed of the daring and enormous operations in London. But recent investigations have convinced me that the scandal is now even worse in Leeds, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Bradford than in the capital.

Thousands of yards of cloth, large quantities of leather goods, rolls of crepe-chine and artificial silks, fully fashioned stockings, ladies' underwear, hundreds of lengths of suitings and a great variety of other goods are being regularly sold without coupons in provincial Black Markets.

Most of them—as you might expect—are stolen from warehouses, factories, stores and shops. Such robberies are much more frequent in the provinces than in London.

Cloth and made-up clothing worth £1,000,000—to mention just one item—have been stolen in provincial cities during the last twelve months.

These thefts mean a loss of 5,500,000 coupons to the owners!

There is evidence that they were mostly carried out by organised gangs run by Black Market men who outwit the police by remaining in the background.

And often the robberies are cleverly combined with a little private detective work and false pretences.

Three well-dressed men, posing as agents for reputable retail firms in Yorkshire, recently pulled off a tidy "deal" in the Bradford district.

The first man drove up to a big wholesale warehouse. His arrival was preceded by a telephone order, supposed to come from a high official of the retail firm concerned, for some hundreds of yards of cloth needed quickly for special work.

Still at Large

The wholesale company had dealt with the other firm for years. And so the man who drove up in a large car and talked with knowledge of past transactions was accepted at face value; he signed for the rolls in the name of "G. H. Galson" and took them off in a car.

Simultaneously, the second conspirator, using similar methods and signing as "H. Moss," took away a valuable consignment of cloth from another warehouse. And so did a third!

In that one afternoon these three

men, acting for a Black Market chief, obtained 1,630 yards of cloth-by fraud.

When, eventually, they were arrested, they would say nothing about the man in the background, and he is, incidentally, still at large. They had been well paid to take the risk of possible arrest, and the unknown criminal who employed them is still at large. Nor have the goods been found.

Many small wholesalers, who receive supplies from secret sources and make no book entries of them, deal directly in "quick sales" with Black Market clients. They release from their hidden stocks cotton goods, woollen suitings, artificial silks and silk "prints," and sell them through underground channels, without invoices or coupons, at about three times their original prices.

He Just Disappeared

In one such deal, about which official inquiries are now being made, serge that originally cost 9s. 5d. a yard was sold, without coupons, at 25s. a yard.

The Manchester police recently discovered that a great deal of this irregular trading has lately been going on in their city, and are trying to trace the sources of supply.

And still illegal fortunes increase daily!

One rogue, well known in London, set up his headquarters at Liverpool.

He stayed there for several months

Money to Burn

● The flying bomb—and the strange hoarding habits of some men and women—have brought a new rush of work to one department of the Bank of England. This is the Issue Office, where damaged banknotes are examined before being replaced, or written off as irreplaceable.

It is estimated that some £200,000,000 are being hoarded throughout the country instead of being put into savings or banks. Yet when a hoarder's notes are damaged by bombs or accident, unnecessary work is thrown on the Bank of England by the men and women who want the notes replaced.

A banknote has to be extensively torn or burnt before it can be regarded as lost, and the girls at the Bank of England's Issue Department deal daily with charred and torn remnants which—to the ordinary man—would seem completely beyond recovery.

If they can be pieced together and the numbers verified, new notes will be given to replace them.

The complete banknote need not be pieced together from the fragments. Even when considerably burnt, the paper from which banknotes are made can be tested and identified.

Bombs, however, are not the only cause of these claims. Domestic accidents also bring people to the Bank seeking replacements.

One very common cause of trouble is leaving banknotes on tablecloths to be shaken into the fire. Claims have also been made—and with success—by people who have brought to the Bank the chewed-up remnants of wads of



Manchester has become a happy hunting-ground for Black Market dealers

before the police received chance information that he was "the principal connecting link" between a group of Black Market men in London and provincial traders willing to buy and sell goods at inflated prices without coupons.

This agent went from town to town, in cars or taxi-cabs, selling the goods he received from secret sources.

The Liverpool police have established that he made, in all, about £200 a day.

He dealt only in large quantities in razor blades, tooth brushes, hair nets and grips, powder-puffs, wallets and other leather goods, mascara, eyelash black, perfume, eyebrow pencils, rouge, and many other things in short supply.

When he knew the Liverpool police were looking for him he just disappeared.

Leeds has a leading place in Black

Market history. Time and again traders in business there figure in police investigations.

One man, who keeps a big hotel in Kent, told me how a supplier in Leeds, who has a "backroom store" behind his main premises, offered him the most expensive cloths, suitcases, handbags and underwear without coupons. And in any quantities—at a price!

Screened by Fly-bombs

Another merchant in Leeds, before he found it wiser to move to another part of the country, bought up hundreds of utility suits, and employed a staff to unpick them.

He then had them made into women's costumes and sold them without coupons at luxurious prices.

Another Leeds racketeer bought up Utility blankets. By removing the Utility marks he was able to sell them at excessive prices in a like manner.

During the recent "Flying Bomb" raids on London and Southern England there were many "Black Market robberies" in London. No arrests have yet been made, and the police believe the goods were transferred to North Country depots.

From one well-known London warehouse, during an Alert, suits and suit lengths worth £3,000 were taken away in a van. A few days later, during another Alert, £5,000 worth was stolen from the same premises.

From a Ministry of Supply depot, about the same time, 2,500 shirts and 500 pairs of socks were whisked away.

These thefts were becoming so serious that more than one firm was nearly forced out of business. Big awards offered by assessors have brought no result.

Since the new coupons became negotiable last month, organised thefts of whole books, sometimes in batches of a thousand or two, have become common.

Experience Needed

One hundred thousand stolen from a Ministry of Labour office recently, have not been traced. Neither has the thief. Four thousand six hundred and sixty vanished from a town hall; again, without any arrest.

So I could go on. But, to sum up in the words of a police officer who discussed the matter with me:

"This is one of the biggest problems we have ever had to face. And it is getting worse—much worse!"

There is only one remedy.

Give the Enforcement (detective) Branch of the Board of Trade more experienced men to assist in investigations; give Scotland Yard more facilities to work with local police forces. Boundary lines should be ignored when a wave of crime washes away millions of pounds.

DAVID J. MURPHY.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

JOHN BULL readers have never been afraid to speak their mind, and their letters on any topic of the day are always welcome. Two guineas will be paid for each letter published. Address: JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

PARACHUTE jumping provides thrills for Pte. E. Purdy, M.E.F., who writes to his mother at Regent Street, Rochdale:

I have finished my parachute course, am now a real paratroop, and wouldn't have missed the thrills for anything!

Of course, I was scared stiff the first time I put on my 'chute, climbed into a plane and waited for the jump. But we had a grand instructor, who gave us confidence, plus a friendly push at the critical moment.

When he bellowed "Action stations!" I forgot to be scared, though there was perspiration on my forehead. Then as he shouted "Go!" his giant fist was applied to my back, and I went flying through space with the greatest of ease.

When I neared the ground it seemed to rush up at me like an express train. Bump, bump, bump—and I had landed all in one piece. A real thrill, and after a few more jumps it gets into your blood.

The Last Straw

"Spit and polish" is still the order of the day on some battlefronts. An indignant sergeant serving with the R.A. in France writes to his wife at Tullidolph Place, Lochee, Dundee:

We have had plenty of shooting, and the men have been very keen to get on with the job, but now someone among the high-ups has decided that the men, the guns, and the gun areas must be made to look attractive.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Many cafés and restaurants close at 5.30 p.m. This deprives many workers of the opportunity of an evening meal. Why not stagger the hours so that some are open from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.—Mabel Evans, Rhondda, Glam.

At a North Midlands C.D. depot unskilled cleaners get 85s. 6d. for a seventy-two-hour week, while skilled drivers get 85s. 6d. a week for a eighty-four-hour week. Quite an inducement to become a first-class driver!—"North Midlands C.D. Driver."

It's happening already! We had three house-to-house canvassers call in one morning, all ex-Servicemen. Surely we should be able to provide the men who fought for us with decent jobs?—Mr. A. Ellis, Stavely Road, Leicester.

The Government should make it clear that there is to be no swinging of a Geddes axe after the war. Already there is talk in some professions of severe salary cuts when peace comes.—"M. I.," Portchester.

One British Tommy, according to a day's pay, is worth only 7/20th of a Bevin boy; 7/18ths of an American soldier; 7/15th of a New Zealand soldier; 1/3rd of an Australian soldier; and 7/11th of a Canadian soldier.—"Fair-play," Burnley.

As you know, we sleep mostly in holes in the ground, and we don't get too much sleep in these busy times, but there is no grousing, or wasn't, until someone started to try to make us look pretty. This morning a parade was called at 7.45, so that the men and their equipment could be inspected, just as if we were in billets at home in peace time.

Two of my men were severely choked off for having spots of mud on their clothes. There was also much ado about the lining up of petrol and water tins in correct position!

Battle in Burma

A first night in Burma is described by Sgt. A. Hughes, Heavy Anti-Aircraft Unit, S.E.A.C., in a letter to his wife at Market Place, Knaresborough, Yorkshire:

After travelling under a blazing sun we reached jungle country, with giant creepers, ferns and fungus growing everywhere, and blotting out the sun.

So we arrived at our new camp, with a tidal river at our rear and beyond that the hills occupied by the enemy.

My first night in Burma, and I went to sleep in a tent to the accompaniment of British guns blazing away at the Japs.

Our boys had a pretty tough time, but they came through the ordeal like champions. After eighteen days of bitter fighting they had beaten the Jap at his own game of jungle warfare. The score in one section was 1,500 killed, 4,000 wounded and many more taken as prisoners.

They Love Magic

Reports of "raining fish" are exploded by Sgt. H. E. Williams, R.A.F., India, who writes to his wife at Marlborough, Wilts:

India is truly a land of mysteries, but "raining fish" is not one of them.

Dotted about the country are reserve "tanks" of water, which are often large ponds. Most of them contain fish, frogs and other things.

When the heavy rains descend during the monsoon—and I have known an inch of rainfall in twenty minutes—the "tanks" overflow and so do the fish, which swim away to the most unexpected places.

During the last rains, fish up to six inches in length were swimming in two or three inches of water left in the run-

ways of this aerodrome and they had come not from the skies but the tanks of near-by villages.

Many Indians swear that it rains fishes, but they are superstitious people who love a bit of "magic."

Gratitude

After the heavy fighting in France, a brief spell in a rest camp seems like heaven to front-line troops. Dvr. A. Coker, R.A., British Liberation Army, writes to his wife at Devonshire Road, Mill Hill, London, N.W.:

I have just returned to the battery after a spell at the Rest Camp, which was lovely. Three days of complete rest, with those in charge of the place doing everything possible to make you forget that you are in the Army and that there is a nasty war going on not very far away.

On arrival we started off well with a free issue of a packet of twenty cigarettes. We had stretchers for beds, which made a pleasant and luxurious change from the holes in the ground and other queer and uncomfortable places where we had been sleeping. The food, too, was very good for the Army. Four meals a day, followed by a nice cup of cocoa at bedtime. What feasting!

Perhaps the greatest attraction of the Rest Camp is that you can do as you like. If you don't want to get up in the morning, you needn't bother. If you do, there is fishing, boating, swimming or horseback riding for your amusement. Also there were four film shows a day, and a concert each evening.

Then we had a visit from George Formby and his wife Beryl, and a great show it was, with George leading one of the best sing-songs I have ever taken part in.

Three great days of rest and pleasure, and now we are again on the job of pushing Jerry right back to where he belongs.

Praise for the R.A.F.

Here is a snapshot of part of the campaign in Normandy as seen by Cpl. E. Harrison, R.A.M.C., who writes to his wife at Alnwick Road, Tyne Dock, South Shields:

I have just seen an air raid carried out by the R.A.F. over enemy positions. It was terrific! What seemed to be a never-ending stream of heavy bombers



"You twirp! It's a sonata—not a Sinatra"

kept going in to attack at low level, and they must have flattened everything in sight.

The wind is now blowing in our direction and we cannot see each other for the dust coming from the attacked area. It's incredible! The whole countryside is darkened by the clouds of dust.

These smashing attacks by the R.A.F. are a great morale-lifter for our boys, and they must have the opposite effect on Jerry.

Send Them More

Thanks for books sent out by a generous public in Britain comes from Sgt. V. Self, R.E., M.E.F., in a letter to his wife at Waltham Road, Woodford Bridge, Essex:

Nothing is more appreciated out here than our library, which has been stocked with books sent out by generous people at home.

All sorts are in demand: from novels to biographies, travel and technical books. As for myself, grown a little weary of "Whodunnit" thrillers, I found a copy of "John Halifax, Gentleman" on the shelf. Although we have it at home I never read it, but now I settled down to it and enjoyed every page.

This copy was a Sunday-school prize given at St. Anne's Church in 1911. I don't know the youngster, now a grown-up, to whom this was awarded, so I could write a letter of thanks.

No Headlines Without Trouble!

IN a morning paper the other day I counted no fewer than thirty-five news items or "stories" which were directly connected with trouble of one kind or another. Many of them were, of course, big stories about the trouble in Europe and the trouble in Asia. But some of them were quite little stories about such things as plagues of wasps.

If you took the trouble to remove trouble from our newspapers there wouldn't be much newspaper left.

Say what you like, people are not really interested in the jolly things of life. They think they are, but they're not.

If little Alf, aged two, found half-a-crown in Islington, do you think that would get itself into the newspapers? Every little Alf in Islington would like to find half-a-crown. But if it happened do you think it would matter to anybody on earth but little Alf? I don't.

But if little Alf swallowed half-a-

crown and had to be rushed off to hospital for a nasty operation—well, that would be good for a couple of lines, anyway.

Miss Mary Doodle can live a cheerful and blameless life for sixty years and nobody will think twice about her.

But if somebody obligingly kills her with a large hammer the whole country runs round in rings taking notice.

No, you've got to be the centre of a large lump of trouble if you want people to look at you a second time—or, in most cases, a first time.

When I hear that everything in the garden is going to be lovely in the Great Peace, I just smile and close my right eye. Tell that to the Marines.

Think of all the thousands who would be thrown out of work if everything in the garden did turn lovely overnight.

Editors, sub-editors, reporters, printers, newsagents, their wives and daughters, their little Alfys, newsboys—they'd all be on the verge of starvation. We couldn't allow it.

If nasty people stopped stirring trouble news would die off over the week end. Everything in the garden lovely. But it's the weeds we want to read about. It's the crops going wrong. The cucumbers frame smashing, the blight and the black fly that we pay our pennies for.

We like our news to be nasty, or at least a bad day.

If the Great Peace doesn't provide a good crop of poison cases, dizzy divorces, Wall Street smashes, earthquakes and favourites dropping dead at Tottenham Corner, there'll be a number one news believe me.

If I were an editor, do you think I'd take that kind of nonsense lying down? I'd say to somebody: "Here's a thousand pounds, old boy. Go out and find somebody in Golders Green and start a bit of news, there's a good chap."

The last five years have been pestilential. But you watch the first years of the Great Peace.

I'll bet those editors and reporters and other chaps don't starve.

South Africa and New Zealand

By CONNERY CHAPPELL

HEAVY post-bags are arriving at the London offices of the Dominion Governments; more and more men who, but for the war, would never have left Britain, want to try their luck overseas.

One Dominion office is already handling tentative applications at the rate of 10 a week.

Now, none of the Dominion Governments has yet officially framed its attitude to emigration; they will have their Servicemen to consider first. But it is obvious that some will want new blood more keenly than others.

Australia and Canada are the two countries which are most likely to welcome settlers. Australia needs men desperately, while Canada is a vast, unexplored country, changing rapidly into a major industrial nation with a great future in the world.

South Africa and New Zealand will want men, but in a more specialised way.

These are the two Dominions about which, if we are honest, we will probably admit that we know the least. Most of us think of South Africa as an immensely rich country with the greatest gold and diamond mines in the world, a wonderful climate, a high standard of living, and low income tax.

We are not quite certain about New Zealand, but we often regard it as a little Britain on the opposite side of the globe, a lovely fertile land of sheep and wheat fields; a temperate climate; a free and easy society with a progressive government, a cheerful country where a man may work and prosper.

Both pictures are only partially true, and the man who wants to stake a claim overseas after the war would be well advised to put them right.

First of all, South Africa. Here we have a great land with a population of over 7,000,000, of which more than 5,000,000 are natives; Bantus, as they are called. That leaves only about 2,000,000 Europeans, a high percentage of whom are not of British extraction, to rule a huge country of tremendous mineral wealth.

South Africa, in consequence, is a Dominion with great internal problems; it has its native problem; it has the more subtle rivalries between the English and the Afrikaans elements.

Vast Deserts

So it is most unlikely that when the war is over these conflicting factions will agree to allow an unrestricted influx of settlers from Britain.

And, because most of South Africa is scrubby desert and waterless emptiness, its opportunities to the ambitious farmer are comparatively few, for where its land can be cultivated it is already almost fully developed.

However, its war industries should attract the settler—once they have been adapted to peace time requirements.

For instance, South Africa, which before the war produced very little steel, is now producing about 500,000 tons a year. So, after the war, it is reasonable to assume that she will need steel men to help her develop her new industry.

On the civilian front, much of her material is obsolete; she will need to replace her cars and lorries—and she now



New Zealand is as beautiful a land as any in the world

has the production lines with which to do so. Experienced men from the Midlands, men who know car assembly, may well be welcomed down there.

Another Midland industry, boot-making, has made great progress in the Union, which has turned out boots by the million since the war. The industry has expanded out of all recognition. South Africans will want to keep it going at its present pitch—and will welcome men who understand the trade.

Similarly, whereas some years ago

South Africa was chiefly a wool producer, rather than a maker of the finished cloth and the finished garment, she has lately developed an important clothing industry—and has made nearly 15,000,000 garments for her own Armed Services alone since war began.

That represents a big step forward.

South Africans will want to keep that industry going; they will probably welcome the craftsmen who can help them to do so.

New Zealand, now, is a different story. This lovely land, consisting mainly of two islands, is about the size of England, Scotland and Wales—yet it has a population little more than that of Glasgow and its suburbs.

Although it is fertile, and although its sheep farms are world famous, it is not nearly as fertile as strangers imagine; for vast areas of it are entirely unsuited to cultivation.

Already it has as many farmers as it needs. There simply isn't space for more.

Indeed—and this is another of the popular ideas which fall down on investigation—emigration to New Zealand before the war was on a very restricted scale. The excess of arrivals over departures on the boats during recent years has been a mere 10,000 or so a year—which is practically nothing for a country with so small a population.

Bright Future

But the land, for those who are there, is a beautiful one. It could never sustain a vast population, and for that reason it is likely to make relatively little appeal to the would-be settler.

In one respect, however, New Zealand is likely to find herself desperately short of man-power. She has a housing problem proportionately as acute as our own in Britain.

More than anything else after the war she will need builders.

Hers is a highly intelligent society. There are no reactionaries in New Zealand; she has a progressive Labour Government; most of her transport and utility services are State-owned.

Like South Africa, she will have no place for misfits or C3 people. But the men who are lucky enough to migrate out there will find themselves in an advanced land, a land where living is high and the future bright.

LOGIC DEFEATS THE FATALISTS

Do you believe in the "cussedness" of things? A young man thinks that it explains the mysteries which bewilder philosophers. He will not be in blind fate or in the devil, he feels there is a spirit of mischief let loose in the world.

You see so many examples of cussedness, he says. A fine girl ignores a dozen who would make good husbands, and falls for the ne'er-do-well. A man who is completely indifferent to him. An honest, hard-working man meets with a whole string of misfortunes while some really wonderful luck comes to the man who hasn't earned it.

There are lots of trifling examples, he says. If you are pressed for time, your train is invariably late, but if you are a minute late, it is dead on. Your shoe-lace always breaks when you are in the most frantic hurry.

Think "cussedness" is the clue to the whole riddle of existence. What you, Humanist?

Very ingenious and amusing, but not original as he thinks. Mr. Tulliver's observation: "It's a funny world, and Old Harry has a hand in it." The idea of a mischievous spirit (Puck or Robin Goodfellow) popular in medieval England, and Cupid is very similar—the blind boy who plays pranks on lovers.

For all that, the cussedness of things is a delusion. It could not survive the test of logic.

A soldier in the Middle East wrote recently:

During this war, and particularly in moments of stress and danger, I have constantly noticed that a great many people adopt a dull, fatalistic attitude.

They say, "Don't worry: you won't get it unless it has your number on it." They insist that every occurrence in life is already planned and charted.

Surely, Humanist, this cannot be true?

If the creed of the fatalist were true, we could never praise any man or woman for behaving heroically; nor could we blame anyone for behaving badly. It would be absurd to award the Victoria Cross for gallantry or to imprison a man for crime.

And a woman reader writes on the same subject:

I am very much worried, she writes, by the open sneers levelled at me by members of my own, and my husband's family, just because I profess to be an out-and-out fatalist.

Try as I will not to be drawn into an argument on that subject, someone is sure to be funny at my expense by coming into the room and shouting: "Hullo, Kismet, how's Fate going?"

I feel as if I could shriek out loud at this continual baiting. Admitting my belief in Fate, isn't this a free country? Haven't we all the right to our own opinions? Where does freedom of thought come in?

I don't think this reader is an out-and-out fatalist. If she were, she would know that these people cannot help teasing her—it is their destiny to do so!

A real fatalist cannot worry about

anything. He accepts all that happens with stoical calm. His faith gives him courage as it was thought to give courage to Nelson.

"If I am destined to die to-day," he argued, "I will sell my life as dearly as I can. If I am not destined to die, I will fight fearlessly."

There is something inspiring in the idea whether it is right or wrong. But perhaps Nelson was not a fatalist. At any rate he prayed before battle—a fact which it is not easy to reconcile with stark fatalism.

Frankly, I do not believe that every event in life is predetermined. I believe that we are responsible for what we do and cannot shuffle out of it.

A few years ago there was a vogue for denying the existence of will-power altogether, but present-day philosophers refuse to accept that. Modern psychologists regard will-power as a vital factor in life.

They have merely invented a new word for it.

Are we to believe that men who order wholesale massacres and atrocities couldn't help themselves? Can we believe that the allied victories were pre-arranged before time began?

If we believe in fatalism we must! But we don't; we can't; we won't.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)



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SHINING LIGHT
DOESN'T EXIST
STUCK IN THE MUD POLIO
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CAUGHT UNPREPARED

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WITH ALL HER
MADE A
HEAD OF THE
GOOD TIME FOR
WHEN THE JOB'S

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

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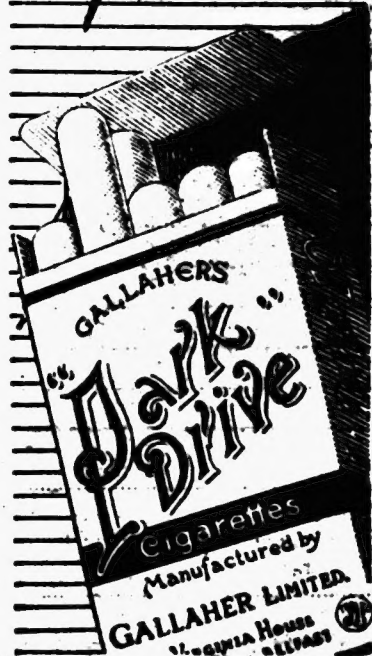
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